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POETRY.

From the Baltimore Clipper. TEN YEARS AGO.

I am sitting at my mirror, Gazing on an altered brow; Oh! can it be this is the face...

SELECT TALES.

THE FALSE HAIR.

"Pray remember, Monsieur Lagrier, that I wish particularly to go out this morning. It is now past one o'clock and if you continue endeavoring to do what is impossible, my hair will never be dressed."

he commenced the operation. In the meantime he was looking at her with a very peculiar expression. "I have promised—will you not trust me?" he said in a half-reproachful tone...

"I have promised—will you not trust me?" he said in a half-reproachful tone, and Adelaide bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the young man's face...

She scarcely seemed to understand his words, and continued to gaze at him with an expression of intense interest. "I cannot go home as I promised, but you will not think me guilty. How could I do what I know would break your heart?"

"It is not to me you must speak, ladies," returned the gendarme, wonderingly softened by their words. "If you will be so good as to give me your names, and come to-morrow to our office, there no doubt that your evidence will greatly influence the magistrate in favor of the prisoner."

THE TRUE USE OF RICHES. BY M. M. NOBLE. In an old newspaper file we find one of the off-hand, happy efforts of the late M. M. Noble, than whom few writers of our country have thrown more of the best impulses of the heart, more of kindly and benevolent feeling into their compositions...